

(Ayy, yo, band play...)
Yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh
Ayy, yo, turn that-turn that-turn that shit up in my headphones
(Let the band play)

Bitch, I'm cold as a igloo, you niggas softer than tissue
Trust me, you don't want no issues, I'll make your whole family miss you
Skinny-ass youngin' with big boots (Yuh)
Stand on my money, I'm 10'2" (Yuh)
Play with the kid, they come get you (Flex)
Come take you out like the 'rents do (Let's go)
Yeah, smokin' on the big blunt, let's go
And you know I'm backin' out the front
Yeah, bitch, that is the the trunk
I might drop my top just for fun (Yeah)
Ooh, baguettes on my neck and my guns
Yeah, and my wrist so one of one
They like, "This young nigga won," uh, yeah

These hoes say that I'm the bomb, these niggas is bums
Yeah, I came up from a crumb
Yeah, I came out of them slums (Yeah), now I'm a Don (Yeah)
These niggas ain't did what I done (Uh-uh)
I done paid dope in my lungs, sticks and them drums
Yeah, I got guns like Saddam
I did ten hours, made bond, bitch, I'm the one
Gettin' this cash by the ton
I put some ice on my mom, yeah, bitch, I'm a son of a gun
Yeah, I shot hot as the sun, diamonds wet like I jumped out the pond
Bitch, I get high as a drum, smokin' exotic, recordin' this song
And I just got off the phone, my bitch keep beggin' me to come home (Okay)
But I can't 'cause I'm makin' this plate
Gotta go to the bank, just save me a plate
Yeah, young nigga ballin', bitch, I come a long way
I remember them days we was shootin' on the crate
Yeah, if you ain't talkin' 'bout money, get your mouth fixed
My gang got everything that yours ain't
Hoppin' out the duty truck, that's the paper route tank

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Me, yeah, I did it again, my new bitch a ten
My last ho, she gone like the wind (Yeah)
Diamonds hit hard when I grin (Ha), shot when I land (Shot)
I already came with a bag (Bag)

Most of you rap niggas whack, no disrespect (Uh-uh)
I'm speaking' nothin' but facts (Facts)
Yeah, I'm ballin' hard, wanna bet? (Bet) I got the check (Check)
Hit a home run, broke the bat (Yeah)
Outta here, bitch, my ear solitaire (Yeah)
Just let me hold like Stoudemire (Uh, yeah)
Glock, he's a lion, tiger, and a bear (Yeah)
Hood rich nigga in designer gear (Yeah)
Yeah, I hopped out the car, it's a Hot Wheel (Yeah)
Bitch, I pop opps, I don't pop pills (Yeah)
My drop camouflaged but my ice real (Yeah)
They be like, "Glock, how this shit feel?" (Huh?)

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